

Syrup of Figs
and
Elixir of Senna
acts gently yet promptly
on the bowels; cleanses
the system effectually;
assists one in overcoming
habitual constipation
permanently.

To get its beneficial
effects always buy the
genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS 50¢ A BOTTLE

The Blue Whale.
What is claimed as the largest animal in the world is represented by a colossal skeleton in the museum of Christchurch, New Zealand, says the London Globe. This is the remains of a large specimen of the blue whale stranded on the coast of that country. This whale is probably the largest of all living animals. The length of the skeleton is eighty-seven feet, and the head alone is twenty-one feet. The weight of the bones is estimated at nine tons. This gigantic whale gets its name of blue whale from the dark bluish gray of its upper surface. The tinge of yellow on its lower part has led to the name "sulphur bottom," by which it is known on the western side of the Atlantic. It is otherwise known as Sibbald's rorqual (Haleoptera Sibbaldi).

The chief food of this gigantic animal is a small marine crustacean (Thysanopoda inermis), known to the whalers as "krill." Another species of the same shrimplike group has been obtained in thousands from the stomachs of mackerel caught on the Cornish coast. The nearly related opossum shrimp found in enormous numbers in the Greenland seas form the chief food of the common whale. Some of the thysanopoda are phosphorescent and contribute to the luminosity of the sea.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WALSH, KIRKMAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

DIRECTOR WAS ALARMED.

Russian Contralto Who Wished to Squeeze Management Trouble.
M. Andrea Dippel, one of the twin homes of the Metropolitan Opera House, sat at his desk the other day, when a breezy lady blew in, the Cincinnati Times-Star New York correspondent says. M. Dippel just sobbed at her. He was so surprised. She was Mlle. Anna Mettschik, a Russian contralto, and had not been expected for a week or so. "But why did you not let us know you were coming to-day?" he asked, after he had caught his breath. "I would have had some one meet you, and find quarters for you, and spare you all unnecessary trouble."
"I didn't want to worry you," said Mlle. Mettschik in Russian. "So I came by myself, and I have found very satisfactory quarters in a good hotel."
M. Dippel cogitated a moment. "My Russian is not very good, mademoiselle," said he, courteously. "I fear I have not thoroughly understood you. Would you be so kind as to repeat that statement in another language?"
So Mlle. Mettschik repeated it in German. M. Dippel scratched his head. "I do not wish to annoy you, mademoiselle," said he. "But I certainly am not hearing rightly this morning. If you would be so kind as to say it in French?"
So Mlle. Mettschik said it in French, although she was a bit annoyed.
"Extraordinary," said M. Dippel, earnestly, at last convinced that he had mastered her very remarkable statement. "Mademoiselle, I have been in the opera now for many years. I have met every opera singer in the world of rank equal to your own. And never, mademoiselle, never, have I ever heard an opera singer even intimate that she wished to spare any one any trouble whatever. Mademoiselle, are you quite well?"

Here and There.

A man was waiting patiently for a street car the other day at a transfer station, says the Boston Record, when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him, and cried, "Are you the man here?"
"I don't understand," he said.
"Are you the man here?" she repeated.
"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."
They read the letters aloud. The

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER III.

They held the inquest that same afternoon, and in the room where Cerise Wayne's body had been found. Dr. McGann, the coroner, could find no trace of violence on the young and perfect body.
"She died of heart failure," he remarked, very simply. "Probably the animal who caused the police such fright and trouble gained access to the room, and the sight and shock were too much for her patently fragile constitution to withstand. Remember, that this apparition has brought on Mrs. Desterie a stroke of paralysis, and may result in the permanent derangement of her mind."
"I have wired Doubleday, Franz & Co. in San Francisco," he continued. "Their reply just received is that they know but little about Cerise Wayne. They declare that they know her as Mrs. Wayne. Also that for one year past \$2,000 a month has been deposited to her credit with them. Parke & Gray, solicitors, of London, England, have handled the drafts sent to the San Francisco bankers. Mrs. Wayne drew on this amount so freely that at times her balance was practically nothing, and frequently her account showed a small overdraft. For the past several months, however, her demands on the account have been very slight. Last month \$4,000 was sent for her credit, and her present balance is approximately \$6,000. Besides this they have a casket, said to contain almost priceless jewels, that belong to her. A copy of a photograph of Mrs. Wayne, which they have in their possession, has been forwarded, and Henry Franz, one of the junior members of the firm, is coming East to view the body. They report they have cared for her mail for some time past, and during this time she has had it forwarded to nearly every imaginable point, both in this country and abroad. In her handbag there was nearly \$150 and nothing to indicate that she had been mentally depressed or in poor health. Over-indulgence in cigarettes may have unduly excited her mind. It is patent that she read and smoked till she grew drowsy and then lightly tossed her book aside. Possibly she wakened from some quiet dream to behold that creature in the room, and died of fright. There was one second of intense horror and she was dead."
"How did that—that—that—get in, doctor?" interrupted the still disheveled Doherty.
"Don't you know that there's no place on the front of this, nor any other building in the block where a cat could creep up for a foothold? Ain't they all smooth sandstone, worn as slick as me last year's coat. And wasn't both of the windows there closed and locked in the bargain, and no chimney in the room? Maybe the creature killed the pretty little girl after it got in all right, but how did it get in? Here's another thing. Will you look at that body? Now there's been two people sleeping in that bed, sir, one of them far heavier and bigger than the poor little girl you've just been inquesting over. And here, now, is a cigarette stub that's different from the others—stronger, don't you see?"
"Entrance might have been effected from the hall," said the coroner with a puzzled frown.
"Sot? Wasn't the door bolted from the inside? Can't you see where it was broke to get in?" retorted Doherty.
"Ah, someone was inside and rushed out when Mrs. Desterie opened the door," muttered Larry Morris of the Times.

"Everybody in the room directed his attention to the corner where the newspaper folk were sitting. There were eight or ten men in the little group and one woman, a fair, calm-eyed girl, Betty Lancey of the "Inquirer." Betty was barely 23, one of those tall, athletic, wholesome girls who demand classification in the mental menu as well-cooked oatmeal with rich cream, country honey, baked apples or new milk. Larry Morris was very much in love with Betty, but he didn't know it and neither did she.

Pierre Desterie denied Larry Morris' suggestion. His wife Annie Desterie could not come as a witness to corroborate his statement. Having and shrieking had carried her off to the hospital hours before. Pierre, for his wife, and himself, told all he knew of their unfortunate boarder.
"She came Monday night," quavered the little black-skinned fellow. "She was all dressed in green. She had the prettiest eyes ever saw, they were just like those of a hurt baby. So many violets were pinned on her breast you'd have thought 'twould have wearied her to carry them. She brought no trunks, only the green bag there. Said she wanted room and board for two weeks and would pay well for them. Annie took her because of what she said, and because she was so pretty. She slept late mornings and Annie was going to wake her move to-morrow because she slept so late it made breakfast drag along till noon. The women in the house didn't like Miss Wayne. They said she painted her face and smoked cigarettes. The men made soft eyes at her and the woman got jealous. Annie said she had seen fine things in her valise, and lots of jewelry. Annie came up stairs to wake her, for it was lunch time, and then it all happened. There couldn't anybody have rushed down the stairs. I was in the hall when Annie left, and Doherty was with me, and he came right up here after we'd carried Annie to her room. That was the only time the hall was alone."
"How long did that take you, Doherty?" asked Johnny Johnson of the Boston Globe. He was thinking that the coroner was a shade too judicial and prey about the inquiry.
"Some six minutes or so," slowly answered Doherty. "Mrs. Desterie's a weight to carry; she's pretty fat, you know, lately. Her room, too, it's clear back on the second floor."
They read the letters aloud. The

enterprising newspaper boys had already had them photographed so that their papers might reproduce them.

The longer of the two was undated, the other bore date of eight months previous, in mid-August and ran:
"Cerise Dear—Heart of mine, I have so longed for a letter. Do you still refuse to remember? Will you not forgive me? Must I die without word or sign from you? Forgive me, Cerise, dear, forgive me."
The other, couched more formally, though in the same writing, read:
"Cerise—So the wander-lust still pervades your heart? Can you calm your restless mind and soul and body sufficiently long to realize that home, husband, children and the development of womanhood's ideals is the title life exacts from each of your sex?"
"You must pay now, Cerise, or pay at the end. If you defer payment of your indebtedness to the scheme of all creation till the end you will find all interest hard to handle. I shall appeal no more. Entreaties do not move you. Neither do threats and commands are naught to you. But let me impress one thing upon you. If you do not return to me before the first of the coming year, I will kill you. Do you understand what I mean when I write this? I have never seemed able to make you comprehend anything I have ever written or said. You won't understand this, you won't realize that you will be dead, murdered, before the coming year, if you do not return to me before the first of the coming year. I will kill myself from now on."
"Seems to me that 'H' whoever 'H' is, must have been intoxicated, deranged or doped on his correspondence course," whispered Larry Morris to Betty Lancey.
"Oh, nonsense, out with it," commanded the boys.
"Cerise Wayne, her ghost or her double, and the handsomest man I ever saw!"
(To be continued.)

CHAPTER IV.
Early next morning Larry Morris sat in Le Roy's cafe, an all night restaurant and rendezvous of the newspaper men, industriously disposing of a roast beef sandwich.

Larry's forehead was twisted into half a dozen corrugations. He was hoping none of the boys would come in till he had got the Wayne story a little clearer in his head. Larry and two photographers had made three trips out to the Park to see the awful thing which some apt reporter had christened the Man-Aperilla.
One by one the boys came trooping in. And the Wayne murder was the topic of the night.
"I'll tell you what it is, boys," said Hank Smith. "That Man-Aperilla is half-human and I know it. When those white and black eyes were turned upon me I felt my soul crawl out from under me. I was left there hanging in space. Tell you what it is, there's a story there."
"Cut it, Hank, cut it," called little red-headed John Johnson, the best police reporter in town. "Here, Mamie, to the waitress, 'bring Hank some eatings so the rest of us can take a rub at the copy you've written, though. Wasn't that girl a stunner, though? And did you notice, too, what a dead match that her hair was for the color of the pelt on the beast?"
Now every man at the table had noted just that point. It was so obvious a point that it was startling. Each had been loath to launch an opinion on it. But Johnny had a way with him of pumping all you knew by bold plays. Each man took counsel with himself wondering what Johnny would do next. For ten years these boys and Johnny had met every Monday night, and the crowd had learned when to give him rope.

But just now Johnny and his bowl of rice and milk relapsed into silence while his companions ranged far in wild theories of who "H" was, what part he had played in the life and death of Cerise Wayne, whether she was wife, widow, murdered or simply another victim of the suicide list.
By and by Johnny dug down into one of the ever bulging pockets of his always baggy trousers. The by-word was that Johnny always looked so much like a bear that he was never given any trouble gaining the confidence of the rather reticent people of that profession.
"Hunting for a quarter, Johnny, or a toothpick?" questioned Larry Morris.
"Here, look at this," answered Johnny.

Into their midst he twirled the something he had drawn from his pocket. It was a man's garter of lavender silk elastic, the buckle had wound from rose gold, set round with amethysts and on the face the initial "H" worked out in emeralds and amethysts of excessive smallness but exceedingly great brilliancy.
"Where did you get that?" came the chorus.
"Well," said Johnny, "listen. I picked this up in the Desterie house about an hour ago. Say, everybody about that house has got a strange fright. They are all moving out. An earthquake couldn't move them quicker than they are going. The death watch has got its grip on the whole thirty-five boarders. More than half of them are speeding away to spend the night with hand-baggage only. Great show, too, to watch them hustle out. I'm going to sleep up there to-night. I picked this garter up in the closet where it had rolled down behind a little shelf. Now women, you know, don't wear garters like this."
"Might," belatedly barked Hank Smith. "Saw a telegraph story the other day

that they had taken to wearing half hose in New York."
"But here's the question," continued Johnny, "no man in the house knew Mrs. Wayne nor anything about her. Why, the only decent word any one of those curious passed about her was that no one had come to see her since she arrived, and that she had appeared unobtrusively when a fellow boarder of the sex masculine attempted to pay her any attention."
"I'll just wager that she was some poor, sweet little girl who had married some old fool for his money," interposed Philip Hartley, whose sympathetic heart beat for all the mistreated women in the world. "She's found him unbearable, and refused to live with him, and he's just hounded her to death. That 'H' may have stood for 'Hubby,'" in the letter that had the threat to kill her. I believe she's been taking slow poison, and came here where she wasn't known to snuff it off quietly."
"How about the Man-Aperilla?" flouted Larry Morris. "Proceed, Jules Verne II. Why don't you go farther, and have it a trained ape sent carrier along in bloodhound-fashion by the ogre-husband to choke her to death?"
"Because she wasn't choked," contended Hartley. "Heavens, what a woman she must have been."
"Oh, to kill from jealousy," added Hank Smith. "Why, hello; here's Betty Lancey at this hour of the morning. I don't, you ever get through work? And you're all out of breath. What's wrong. Mamie, get her some tea. What is the matter, Betty?"
Betty, white as print paper, sunk on a chair. Her big blue eyes were opened wide. "Boys," she said. "Come on me, come quick, don't say a word, but tell me what's choked her to death? Has it really happened or am I hazy? Oh, no! don't stop to finish eating; come quick or it will be too late. I am afraid to stop alone in that awful room. You know I missed my train home and stopped at the hotel to-night, and oh, it scared me to death."
"What's up, anyhow?" asked Johnny. "Tell the rest of them, Betty. I'm going up to get chummy with the mystery, sleeping all night in the Desterie house. Maybe I'll have a visitation, seeing as how my own head is some reddish. 'Tisn't like you to have stage fright, Betty."
"I haven't got it," she snapped. "But just as I started to get into bed and went over to raise the shade, I looked across the court into one of the other rooms of the hotel. And in there what do you think I saw?"
Womanlike Betty paused to give her audience a thrill.
"Oh, nonsense; out with it," commanded the boys.
"Cerise Wayne, her ghost or her double, and the handsomest man I ever saw!"
(To be continued.)

MARYLAND HISTORY.
Flag Snatched Out of Barbara Fritchie's Hands, Kansas Says.
Poor Barbara Fritchie, will they never let her rest? Comes a Kansas historian with a discovery, the 1,249th issue in relation to the affair, the Baltimore Sun says. He snatches the flag right out of Barbara's hands. "Was not Barbara who waved the flag in the face of the Confederates, he says; it was not any member of the Fritchie family. In fact, he accuses her of being a Southern sympathizer and 'not a patriotic Northern woman.'" This Kansas chronicler, by name William E. Connelly, avers that it was Mrs. Archibald Quantrell and her daughter Virginia who "waved the United States flag defiantly in the faces of the Southern troops as they marched down the streets of Frederick, Md." He proudly points to the fact that Mrs. Quantrell was the aunt of William C. Quantrell, the guerrilla leader, who "led many a band into Kansas" and who "laid waste the town of Lawrence."
Mr. Connelly puts some new frills on the old story. He says Miss Virginia was waving a little United States flag at the gate, which so aroused the anger of the Confederates that a lieutenant with his sword cut the flag from her hands.
About Barbara the Marylanders certainly have to "go from home to hear the news." Whittier, who knew perhaps as much of Maryland as he did of Senegambia, wrote a poem that gave wide currency to an incident that they tell us either never occurred or certainly did not occur at all as he related it. Then it was embodied in a play, which not only differed from the facts but disagreed with the poem.
Now comes the Western iconoclast who takes the glory entirely away from Whittier's favorite and confers it upon an aunt of Kansas. The Barbarites seem to be unable to agree with history, recollection, or to agree with each other. The story has as many twists and turns to it as the north pole dispute, and perhaps the best way to settle it would be to name a commission empowered to determine the true and authorized version, the said board to be composed of representatives of the following:

1. Those who declare that no such incident ever happened in Frederick or anywhere else.
2. Those who hold that something or other occurred, but nothing resembling in any way what tradition or the poet describes.
3. Those who assert that Barbara waved the flag in Stone-wall Jackson's face and dared the confederate to shoot her, just as Whittier has related it.
4. Those who hold that there never was any such person.
5. The new element who assert that the flag was waved, but that Barbara didn't wave it, the glory going to some party who lived down the street two blocks.
6. Those who do not care 3 cents whether it ever occurred or not, but would like to hear the last of it.

Thus every element of our citizenship would be represented. If the commissioners settled the thing, it would give the public a grateful rest. If they didn't, it would provide a row that would be amusing and exciting. Trot out your Barbaras, gentlemen. Entries for the Fritchie flag-waving contest are open.

Taking the Tips.
"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?"
"He wasn't making money fast enough."
"What is he doing now?"
"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."—Washington Star.

HALLEY'S COMET
SOON TO BE VISIBLE

HALLEY'S comet, which is moving in this direction at an inconceivable rate of speed and will soon be visible to all who have the time to look up at the sky, is a story of human ambition equal, in its way, to most of the stories that make up the pith and pulp of history. Why are astronomers so keen on Halley's comet? Thousands of comets as good or better than Halley's nightly sweep the horizon and may be seen by the mere effort of looking up at the sky through a telescope. Why this particular task of Halley?

Edmund Halley was the son of a London soap boiler and was born in London in 1656. He studied for a time at Oxford, but left that university without taking his degree. He may be said to have been the father of comets, or rather the tamer of comets. It was he who, armed with the invincible, sure-cutting sword of higher mathematics, scaled the empyrean and cut out the comets from the mass of superstitious terror with which they had been surrounded from time immemorial. Early in his career Halley took up the study of comets and calculated the orbits of no less than twenty of the species. Among the twenty were three which Halley regarded with peculiar interest. These were the comets which had appeared in 1531, in 1697 and 1682, three comets the orbits of which seemed so much alike that Halley suspected that in reality they might be one and the same comet returning to the sun at regular intervals of about seventy years.

Revising his calculations and going more deeply into them, he became convinced that this notion of his was right, and after submitting his theory to every conceivable test and finding it good, he decided to make a bold stroke and to predict the return of the comet in 1757 or 1758. Halley died in 1742, sixteen years before the date he had set for a return of his comet, and the world for a time forgot about him and it. But the astronomers did not forget, and were watching. Clairaut, a French mathematician, redid Halley's calculations by new methods and found them correct. The big planet Saturn, he said, would hold the comet back 100 days, and the gigantic world, Jupiter, would hold it back 518 days. This would bring the comet to its nearest to the sun in the middle of April, 1759.

Halley's comet was scheduled to return in 1835, and again were the astronomers on the watch, and were not disappointed. The astronomers who saw it then are all dead. The astronomers who see it now will all be dead when it makes its next appearance in 1895. But the present appearance of Halley's comet will be useful in another and a fascinating way to the men who have nothing to do but watch the sky and figure on the doings of the contents.

THE DECADES' FARM EXPORTS.

Cotton Alone Shows \$3,651,000,000 in Shipments to Foreign Lands.
Nine billion dollars' worth of agricultural products have been exported from the United States during the last ten years, those exported in the fiscal year 1909 having alone amounted to practically \$900,000,000, against less than \$800,000,000 in 1899.
The above statement summarizes the results of a special compilation made by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor showing the exports of the principal products of agricultural origin in the period from 1899 to 1909. The exports of agricultural products as a whole have increased from \$785,000,000 in 1899, to \$888,000,000 in 1909, the highest record having been made in 1907, when the total exceeded \$1,000,000,000, or, to be exact, \$1,049,000,000.
While the general agricultural group thus shows a gain of over \$100,000,000 during the decade under review, it must not be understood that the growth applies to all or even a large share of the important items. On the contrary, most of the staple farm products and live cattle, show decreased exportations during the period, the loss in that line of articles having been more than offset by the great increase in cotton and certain comparatively new industries whose chief development has occurred in the last few years, notably cottonseed oil, corn oil, oil cake and oil cake meal, oleomargarine, lard compounds, sugar and molasses, fruits and nuts, etc.

Cotton, the largest item in the agricultural group, shows a total exportation in the last ten years amounting to \$3,651,000,000, its annual exports having increased from \$210,000,000 in 1899, to \$481,000,000 in 1907 and \$417,000,000 in 1909. This increased exportation is due, in some degree, however, to higher prices prevailing in more recent years. In 1899 the average export price of upland cotton was 5.6 cents per pound; in 1909, 9.4 cents.
Europe took fully \$25,000,000 worth of American tobacco, out of a total export in the fiscal year 1909 of \$31,000,000.

MEAT INSPECTION.

There Must Be Local Co-operation to Make It Effective.
Under the present Federal system of meat inspection during the past year 36,000,000 animals were inspected at the time of slaughter and 1,000,000 pounds of meat and meat products were condemned which had become unwholesome since inspection at the time of slaughter.
On the face of it this report indicates a very satisfactory condition. It shows that a vast quantity of meat, which otherwise would have reached the consumer and been purchased as wholesome, was declared unfit for food and was kept from the market as such.
But this inspection was federal. Its main effect was in assuring the foreign purchaser that the American meat was pure and that the animals which were in a state of health at the time of slaughter. But the result is not so reassuring to the local consumer. Rigid Federal inspection drives to those slaughter houses, not under Federal inspection because their product is not intended for interstate trade, thousands of animals which could not pass inspection. The result is that the local consumer is more likely than ever to have imposed upon him meat from animals which could not pass inspection.

Dr. A. D. Melvin, chief of the United States bureau of animal industry, in his annual report calls attention to this condition and recommends more rigid State and municipal inspection.
A tack hammer, the head of which folds into a recess in the stick, for conveniences in carrying, has been patented by a Pennsylvanian.
Lightning will strike more than once in the same place. A transmission line in Colorado was recently struck five times in the same place.

CHICAGO MERCHANT
MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.
CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:
"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently."
"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

The average value of land on Manhattan island, according to the assessment, is \$272,173 an acre.
Tour of the World.
A series of 50 post cards in colors will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 15 cents in coin or stamps. Address The Evening Wisconsin Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Sectional Prejudice.
"Have you any good apples to-day, Mr. Barlow?"
"Yes, we have some unusually fine Northern Spies."
"O. h. a. g. your northern spies!"

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 4, Notre Dame, Ind., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

After regarding it is a true mollusc for many years, French scientists have found that a small snail-like creature found on trees is the larva of a species of fly.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH
It certainly ticks your system and may run into something serious, if you let it alone. It is quick and permanent. For sale at all druggists.
Experiments are under way in Boston with nickel-in-the-slot turnstiles in elevated railroad and subway stations. The idea is to save the pay of ticket sellers.
Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to cure a Cold in One Day. 5c.

FASHION HINTS



Draped sleeves are back again as the newest sleeve touch. There are many ways of doing them, but the accompanying sketch shows one of the most attractive arrangements.
She who has remodeling in her mind sees boundless possibilities for the slightly worn waist of her silk gown—a little chiffon, net, or novelty stuff, and there you are.

Not Hanging Out Statistics.
The Missus—Nora, how many families have you ever worked for?
The Maid—Wurruked, is it, ma'am? I'll have you know, Mrs. Pa-arker, I've wurruked fr' every family I ever lived with!—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN DINNER COMES

One Ought to Have a Good Appetite.
A good appetite is the best sauce. It goes a long way toward helping in the digestive process, and that is absolutely essential to health and strength.
Many persons have found that Grape-Nuts food is not only nourishing but is a great appetizer. Even children like the taste of it and grow strong and rosy from its use.
It is especially the food to make a weak stomach strong and create an appetite for dinner.
"I am 57 years old," writes a Tenn. grandmother, "and have had a weak stomach from childhood. By great care as to my diet I enjoyed a reasonable degree of health, but never found anything to equal Grape-Nuts as a standby."
"When I have no appetite for breakfast and just eat to keep up my strength, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with good rich milk, and when dinner comes I am hungry. While if I go without any breakfast I never feel like eating dinner. Grape-Nuts for breakfast seems to make a healthy appetite for dinner."
"My little 13-months-old grandson had been very sick with stomach trouble during the past summer, and finally we put him on Grape-Nuts. Now he is growing plump and well. When asked if he wants his nurse or Grape-Nuts, he brightens up and points to the cupboard. He was no trouble to wean at all—thanks to Grape-Nuts." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

